

ROBBERS BLINDED HER WITH H. AGD.

Then Tore the Diamonds
from Mrs. Henry Siefke's
Ears.

Plucked Out Her Jewelled Breast-
pin and Escaped from
the House.

Third Visit of Robbers in the Same
House, and Most Successful of
the Series.

POLICE OWN THEY ARE BAFFLED.

Victim Is Unable to Supply a Satisfactory
Description of the Man That Blinded
and Then Choked Her Into
Insensibility.

Blinded by a solution of carbolic acid
thrown into her face by a robber, and
unable to scream, owing to his vise-like
grip on her throat, Mrs. Henry Siefke
was robbed of jewels valued at \$500 in her home
at No. 307 West Thirty-sixth street early
Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Siefke's residence is one that
seems especially tempting to thieves. It is
one of the few old-fashioned houses close
to Eighth avenue, which, built half a
century ago, are still occupied by the fam-
ilies of those persons for whom they were
erected.

Mr. Siefke has on the second floor of the
house an office, where he has his desk and
keeps many of his papers. This room is
at the front of the house, and connecting
with it is a larger room, used as a sitting
room. Directly back of the sitting room
and connected with it by a short hall is
Mrs. Siefke's bedroom, and between the
two rooms are two closets.

Mr. and Mrs. Siefke had tea with their
son, Henry, Jr., about 5:30 o'clock. The
young man then went out, and his father
and mother went to Mr. Siefke's office,
where he looked over some papers and
chatted with his wife. About 6:30 o'clock
he started for his stables to look after
one of his trotting horses. As he left his
office he passed through the sitting room
with his wife and entered her bedroom.
There he left her and went out into the
main hall and down the stairs to the first
floor. As he passed out the front door he
noticed that it was fastened securely
behind him. The stable is next door
to the house, and Mr. Siefke did not have
to walk more than twenty feet to the door.

He found it locked and saw that the coach-
man had gone to dinner. So he returned
to his home and entered by the basement
door, taking a seat in the dining room.

He had just picked up a paper when the
servant called him and said that Mrs.
Siefke wanted him on the second floor.
There he found his wife unconscious and
her clothing unfastened. He strongly re-
sisted, while her face and eyes showed that
the same corrosive had been thrown upon
them.

Mr. Siefke hurried to the street and
asked Policeman Dwyer to come into the
house. Just then Dr. Keller, a veteri-
nary surgeon, who is treating one of
Mr. Siefke's horses, came up, and he,
too, was called in. He at once saw that
Mrs. Siefke was suffering from carbolic
acid burns, and sent the servant for
salves which would afford relief until a
physician could be summoned.

Mrs. Siefke soon recovered consciousness
and told the story of the attack upon her.
She said that just after her husband left
her she started to go downstairs and had
reached the head of the stairs when a man
sprang from her bedroom, and, seizing her
by the throat with one hand, with the other
sprinkled carbolic acid upon her face and
into her eyes. While she was thus held so
tightly that she could not scream, she felt
some one tear her diamond earrings from
her ears. Then a diamond pin that she
wore at her throat was pulled loose. She
then became unconscious.

At this moment Dr. William Ross, of No.
305 West Twenty-seventh street, arrived.
He found that Mrs. Siefke had not been se-
verely burned by the acid, which had merely
been so diluted that it would merely
blind a person temporarily. She was, how-
ever, suffering greatly from nervous shock
and was on the verge of hysteria. Her ears
were not badly lacerated, and Dr. Ross gave
her opiates and left her. A short time later
she was able to accompany her son to the
West Twenty-seventh street station, where a
formal report of the robbery was made.

Captain Walsh sent all the detectives in
the station to the house, where they were
soon joined by two men sent by Captain of
Detectives O'Brien. They examined the
house carefully and decided that the
thieves must have secured entrance from
the roof of the stable, through the second
story window, which has no lock and can
be easily raised from the outside. Mrs.
Siefke noticed that it was slightly open
after supper, but thought this was due to
the carelessness of the servant. The
thieves probably hid in the closet opening
from Mrs. Siefke's room and waited until
they heard her husband leave the house.
Then they emerged and attacked her.

This is not the only robbery that has
been attempted at the Siefke house. In
February, 1905, thieves got into the place
and chloroformed Mrs. Siefke but were
frightened away before they secured any
valuables. Last March the place was again
broken into, and a valuable lace curtain
and clothing packed up ready to be taken
away, when the alarm was given and the
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JUST WHAT SHE DID
WITH HER FIRST DAY OF FREEDOM

7 A. M.

MARIA BARBERI, for the first time in over twenty weary months, opened her eyes yesterday to the early morning light in her own bed. Her first thought was of her freedom. In great gratitude she knelt to thank God for His goodness. Then she began to dress. She had not completed this task when a loud knock at the outer door announced callers. In they crowded—neighbors who had gossiped for nearly two years concerning the probable fate of the Italian girl, all anxious to shake hands with her, and some to give her a warmer welcome.

A medley of voices poured forth a flood of Italian words. Maria answered with unusual animation. The family left her talking while they partook of their meagre breakfast. The girl seemed to forget her need of food in the enjoyment of her new gift of freedom.

8 o'clock.

Maria still sat on the little horsehair sofa, surrounded by her friends. The hollow-cheeked mother, with eyes wet from tears of grief and joy, was a silent, happy spectator of the scene, while the father pushed tobacco into his pipe with fingers roughened from his tailor's trade. Occasionally his head would nod in approval of some chance utterance, while a dull smile overspread his face.

The rest of those who made up the group were about the same in number, but the faces had changed in a kaleidoscope fashion. The door opened and a young woman entered, carrying a small child in her arms. She was rather good looking—the baby her counterpart. It was Maria's sister. They kissed each other with fervor. Then the child was transferred to the arms of the aunt, who had been absent during its first babyhood. The maternal instinct is strong in her untutored heart. She was as pleased with her little niece as a child with a new doll. She kissed her not once, but many times, only to repeat the act in a short while as she held the bright-eyed little creature close to her bosom.

9 A. M.

A tall young Italian knocked and entered. He was as muscular as a Goliath and very much excited. He waved a foreign paper about in a frantic manner, talking all the while in his native tongue. His attention was centred upon a fairly good cut of Maria's attorney, Mr. Friend.

After his early departure and that also of most of the other guests, the over-
weight girl was importuned to partake of her neglected breakfast. She did this, first serving a cup of coffee for the one remaining visitor. Maria wore a clean white apron over her black gown, and many society girls have served tea with less grace than she did the clear, strong coffee. She said she was not hungry, but she occasionally nibbled at shop cakes from the depths of a little paper bag she carried in her hand.

10 a. m.

Accompanied by her little brother John and Louis Vegarra, the interpreter for the firm of Friend, House & Grossman, Maria boarded the Third avenue cable car. She was eager to reach the office of her lawyers. The Countess di Brazza, who helped her obtain a new trial, had promised to meet her there some time during the forenoon.

While ascending in the elevator to the lawyers' offices she exhibited much nervousness, and clung to a neighboring hand stretched out to reassure her. She lost her presence of mind, but did not relinquish the figure of the Yellow Kid, which had just been presented to her much to her amusement.

The Countess was slow in coming. A handful of people had gathered in the office to keep Maria company. She was asked to write a few more testimonials. Obliging to all requests, she seated herself at the desk and began her slow task, for the unfortunate girl is not quick with her pen. She suddenly arose, placing her hand to her brow.

"My head feels queer," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair near an open window. "I want some air. I have talked to many people and it makes my head go round."

She felt better presently, and finished her letters.

11 a. m.

Behind a screen Maria stood washing the ink from her chubby fingers. Her face had solidified into its usual apathetic expression. Mr. Friend entered the room, followed by a tall, stately blond woman, gowned in black velvet, with gleams of heliotrope showing through it. A mass of lilac chiffon draped over the front of her bodice, while a heavily jetted black velvet bolero jacket obstinately refused to be covered by it. The large felt hat of heliotrope she wore was burdened with immense velvet poppies of lilac overshadowed by odd horseshoe loops of black satin. This vision of foreign fashion paused near the desk.

"Maria," called Mr. Friend, "come here. Who is this?"

The girl paused to dry her hands and then came forward in an uninterested manner. She evidently thought some one else wanted her photograph. Even after her eyes fell upon the tall blonde she seemed slow to recognize her friend. But only for a moment. Then the dark face became radiant with joy. She uttered a little moaning cry of joy, then clasped her benefactress in her arms, while kisses after kisses were exchanged between them. The Countess held the girl off for a moment, exclaiming: "How well you are looking!" Then followed another bunch of kisses that made bystanders feel very much in the cold.

Questions upon questions were hurled at Maria by her friend of high degree. These principally concerned the girl's family and her present state of affairs.

12 m.

The Countess took breath for a moment and then exclaimed: "What do you think I have brought you, Maria? Of course you cannot guess. A rosary blessed by the Pope!"

As she spoke she drew from a box an amber rosary and handed it to her protegee, who kissed the giver's hand and also the gift.

"You know I am an idealist," continued the Countess, and I have always told you that you belonged under a yellow dome. That is why I brought you long ago the little canary Cicello in his golden cage. I would not bring you a rosary of pearls—ah, I see you have one already. Remove them, Maria; pearls signify tears. You have had yours, child. Now replace them with my amber, which will bring you sunshine."

The old pearl rosary, whose string of many beads had been told so often to the prayers for Cataldo's soul during the weary prison months, were hastily discarded by their owner and then in their place shone the glittering amber. The Countess chattered a while and finally prepared to depart. She only prepared, however, for still she lingered.

1 p. m.

The Countess di Brazza took her departure, it seemed, regretfully, after again kissing the blushing girl.

Miss Dorothy Usher, the actress who has just returned from Australia with a sprained ankle, was announced to Mr. Friend. Maria was not long in receiving the expected introduction. The request for "a few words with your autograph" followed, as a matter of course. The persecuted girl was weary, her head dizzy from excitement, but she complied with the request. Before she had finished two other women asked for similar mementoes.

In the last twenty-four hours Maria Barberi has practised more penmanship than ever before in her entire life.

2 P. M.

A cab stood in front of the building which holds the office of Friend & House. Into it stepped Maria, then little John, followed by Mr. Friend. They were driven to the Tombs, that the girl might obtain some articles of clothing she had left and also the little golden Cicello, her pet canary. He was transferred from Sing Sing to the Tombs with his mistress, and ever since has shared her weary confinement; but on Thursday, when she joyfully left the prison bars behind her, Cicello remained the lone occupant of the cell. Yesterday, in a measure, Maria gave him his freedom. He acknowledged it with a merry carol. Warden Van de Carr, Commissioner Wright, Mrs. Smith, the matron, and many others gave Maria an enthusiastic welcome.

3 P. M.

The Barberi party went off in the cab to have Maria's picture taken. They stopped at her lawyers' office on the return trip for a few moments. Then the sister and brother were driven home.

4 to 6 P. M.

Maria slowly climbed the old, rickety stairs of her home. The room was full of company, waiting for her return. At 6 o'clock she shared the frugal family supper of coffee, bread and butter and potatoes. The girl had partaken of no solid food since morning and was sorely in need of nourishment.

6 to 10 P. M.

Still the unceasing chatter of tongues in the Barberi home. Callers who left were immediately replaced by others. At last the most persistent wisher left. Weary almost to illness from the severe strain under which she had labored so long, Maria lovingly embraced each member of her family and retired to her little room. Slowly she told the glistening amber beads, with prayers for their giver and for all those who have befriended her. More slowly the tired fingers did their duty, for she was almost exhausted. Ten o'clock found her in her bed fast asleep.



TAKING DOWN
HER BIXORAGE



PACKING



POSING
FOR HER
PHOTOGRAPH



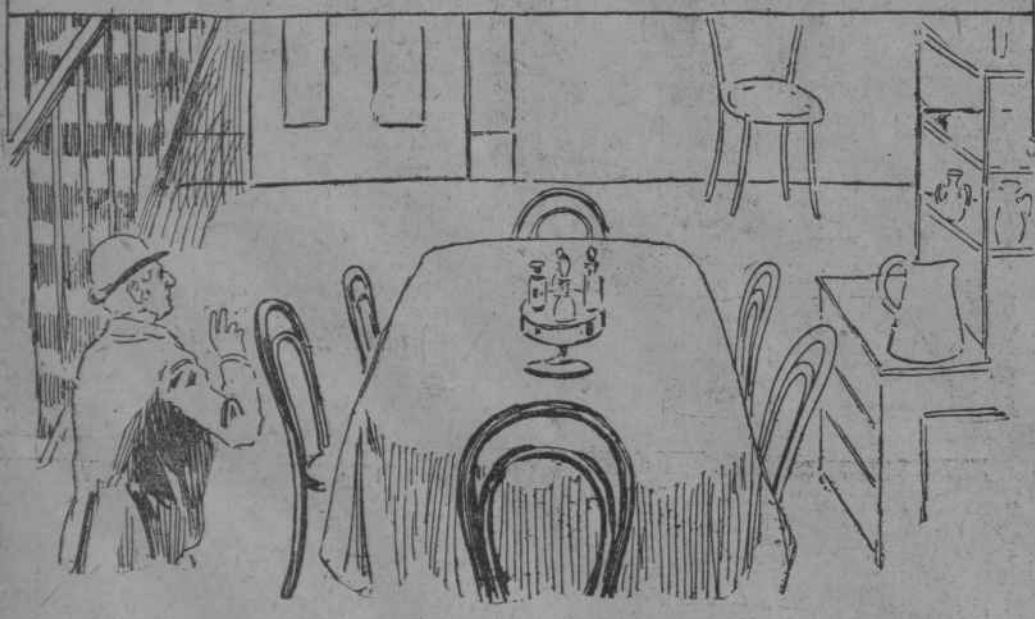
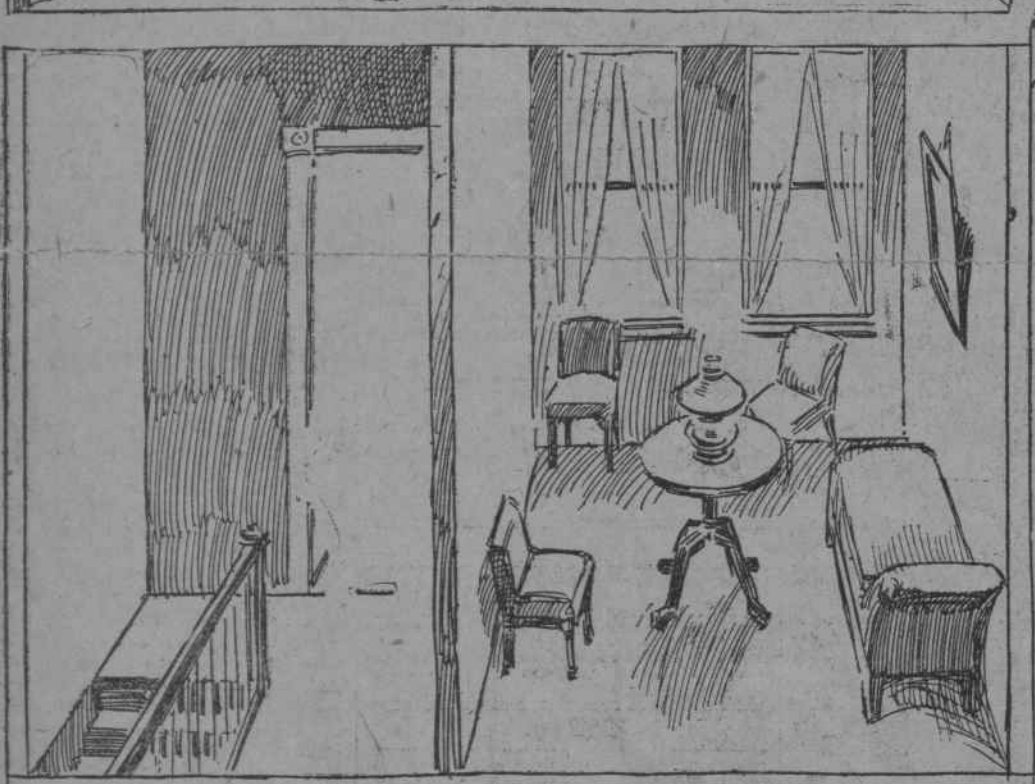
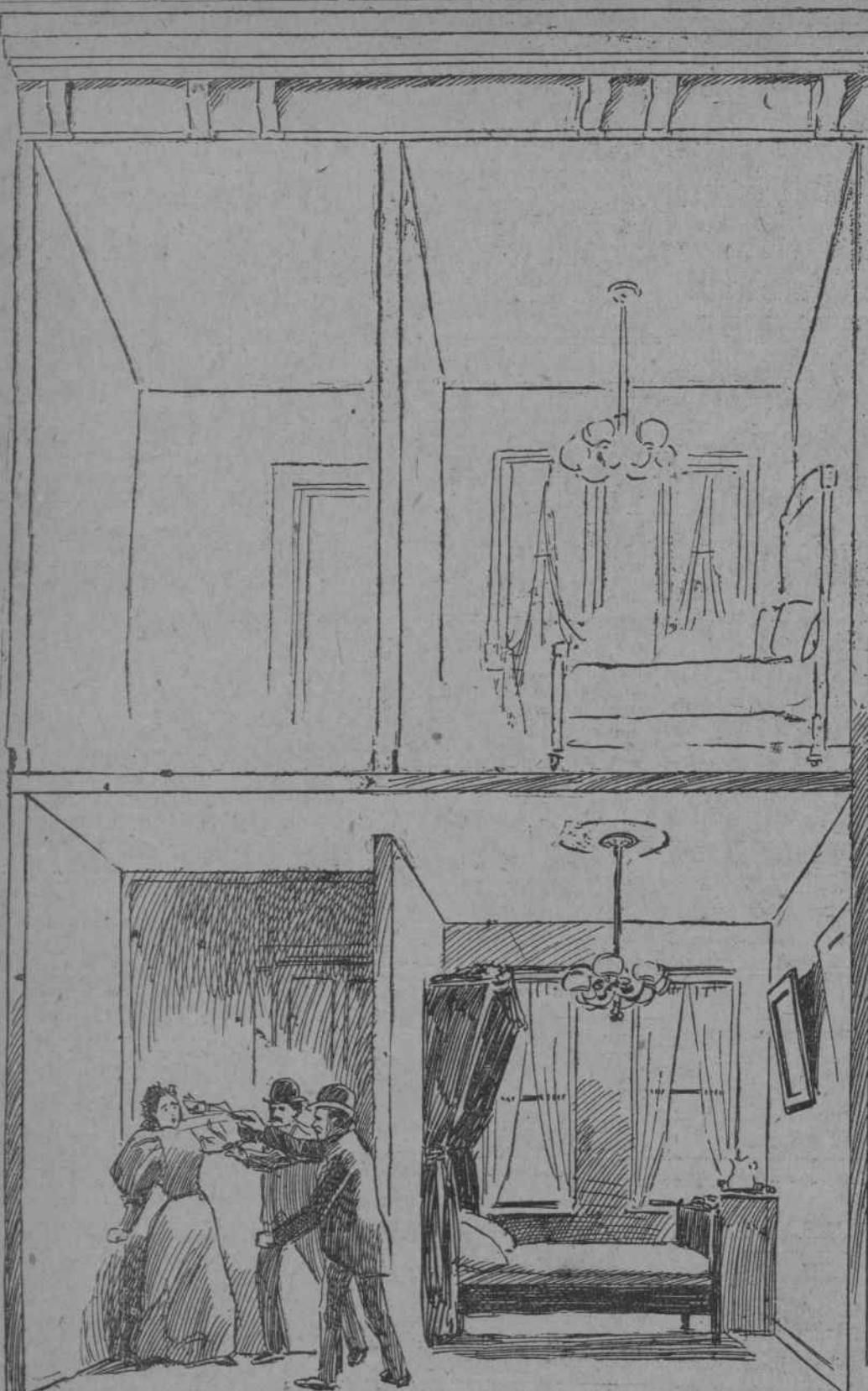
DINE
MUSEUM
MANAGERS
OFFER CONTRAITS



AT DINNER



IN BED



Mrs. Henry Siefke Blinded with Acid, Choked and Robbed.

During the temporary absence of her husband from their home, on West Twenty-sixth street, thieves, who had probably been hiding in the house for some time, attacked her, drenched her face with carbolic acid solution into her eyes, tore her diamonds from her ears, snatched her breastpin, and choked her into insensibility. Mrs. Siefke is unable to give a good description of the burglars, and the police have no clue that may lead to their arrest. This is the third time robbers have visited the house.

EUGENE HIGGINS'S GUESTS

With a Party of Friends He Leaves To-day on
His New Yacht, Varuna, for an
Extended Tour.

The Varuna, Eugene Higgins's new yacht, will weigh anchor and sail today at noon. Mr. Higgins will take as his guests George De Forest Grant, Charles M. Henry, John William T. Lawson, Frank M. Henry, John Duer, Francis W. J. Hurst, Dr. R. E. Brown, William Wood and possibly three or four other friends.

Francis W. J. Hurst, who is the treasurer of the New York Yacht Club, as well as a member of the Union, Down Town, Kidding, Country, Larchmont and other clubs, will go with Mr. Higgins only as far as Bermuda. The Varuna will carry at this place, and at least one big entertainment at the Governor's House will be taken in.

The Varuna will go to Madeira, Gibraltar and Marseilles after leaving Bermuda. At Marseilles George De Forest Grant will drop out of the party. He is a son of Mrs.

WARNING TO BUSINESS MEN.

E. Walpole Warren Draws a Lesson from the Election.

A half hour noonday service was held in St. Paul's Chapel, Vesey street, and Broadway, yesterday. After the litany, the Rev. Dr. E. Walpole Warren, rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, made an address in which he talked especially to business men, saying in part:

"I want you to realize that the Kingdom of God is coming constantly by a process of evolution. How it shall come is a religious and spiritual question. In these hard times, when the conflict between labor and capital is widening the chasm between the rich and the poor, we are on the heed the warning."

The prudent always have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand. It is invaluable.—Advt.

WENT TO JERSEY TO WED.

Albany Couple (Bridegroom Rather Nervous, and with Divorce Papers, Married in Jersey City.

Edward N. Winters, of No. 75 Pearl street, Kingston, N. Y., and Miss Lillie E. Osterhout, of No. 91 Grand street, Albany, were married by Justice of the Peace Wood in Jersey City, Thursday. Both were handsomely dressed. Mr. Winters gave his age, also that of the bride, as twenty-five years. He appeared rather nervous before the ceremony.

"Can a man divorced in New York marry in Jersey," he at last asked the Justice. The latter told him he could if he had the proper papers.

"Here they are," said Winters, as he produced them. They were found to be all right and the marriage proceeded. The witnesses were William F. Weed and Edward A. Shult.

Lady Scott's Co-Defendant Dies.

London, Dec. 11.—Frederick Kest, one of the defendants in the action of Earl Russell against his mother-in-law, Lady Scott, and three other for criminal libel, died to-day. Kest had been ill for nearly a fortnight, with pneumonia, and yesterday suffered a relapse from which he did not rally.